

No. 56

Φ Θ Ο Ν Ο Γ Ρ Α Φ Ι Α
S I V E,

Accurata Invidiæ Delineatio,

A D

*Archetypum Ovidianum (quibusdam hinc illinc
Immutatis & Additis) Met. l. 2.*

In Quâ,

G. Keithus *Imaginem suam ad Vivum (ex parte)
Depictam Contempletur.*

Invidia **Uer'tas** nigro Squalentia Tabo
Tecta petit: Domus est imis in Vallibus Antri
Abdita, Sole carens, non ulli pervia Vento,
Tristis, & ignavi plenissima Frigoris; & quæ
Igne vacet Semper, Caligine semper abundet.
Huc ubi pervenit **Uer'tas** metuenda Virago,
Constitit ante Domum (neq; enim Succedere Tectis
Fas habet) & Postes extremâ Cuspide pulsat;
Concussæ patuere Fores: Videt intus edentem
Vipereas Carnes, Vitiorum Alimenta suorum,
Invidiam: Visâq; Oculos avertit. At Illa
Surgit Humo pigrâ, semesarumq; Relinquit
Corpora Serpentum, passuq; incedit inerti.
Uer'tatem ut vidit Formâq; Armisq; decoram
Ingemuit; Vultumq; ima ad Suspiria duxit.
Pallor in Ore sedet; Macies in Corpore toto;
Nusquam recta Acies; vivent Rubigine Dentes;
Pectora Felle virent; Lingua est suffusa Veneno;
Risus abest, nisi quem visi movere Dolores;
Nec fruitur Somno, Vigilacibus excita Curis:
Sed videt ingratos, intabescitq; videndo,
Successus **Ueri**; carpitq; & carpitur unâ;
Suppliciumq; suum: Namq; **Illi** frigida Mens est
Criminibus, tacitâ sudant Præcordia Culpâ.

Corripias frustra, frustra; inhibere labores;
Acrior Admonitu est, irritaturq; retenta,
Et crescit Rabies, remoraminaq; ipsa nocere.
Sic ego Torrentem, quâ nil obstabat eunti,
Lenius & Modico Strepitu decurrere vidi:
At quacunq; Trabes obstruetaq; Saxa tenebant,
Spumeus, et Fervens, et ab Objice sævior ibat.

*Pectore mille Dolos, Mendacia mille volutat;
Præsentemq; necern Fidis intentat Amicis.
Namq; Dei est temptrix, sævæq; avidissima Cædis,
Et violenta simul; scires e Sanguine natam.
At Brevis iste Furor; reliquis quæ Fata pararet,
Succumbet proprio misere laniata Flagello.*

P H T H O



H T:

An Accurate Description of Envy,

According

To the Original Latin (with some Altera-
tion and Addition) in Ovid's *Met. b. 2.*

Wherein,

G. Keith may see his own Picture drawn
(in part) to the Life.

TRUTH unto th' Cave of Envy her Course bent,
Furr'd with black Filth: Within's a deep Descent,
Between two Hills, where no Sun ever shows
His chearful Face, where no Wind ever blows;
With dismal Sadness fill'd, and irksome Cold;
Still void of Fire, yet still in Smoak inroll'd.
Whither, when **Truth**, so fear'd by th' Caitiff, came;
She stood before the House, (that Loathsome Frame
She might not enter) and th' dark Door she stroke
With her bright Lance, which straight in sunder broke.
There she saw Envy lapping Vipers Blood,
And feeding on their Flesh, her Vices Food;
And having seen her, turn'd away her Eyes.
The Wretch then slowly from the Ground doth rise,
(Her half-devoured Serpent's laid aside)
And forward crawleth with a Lazy Stride.
Viewing **Truth**'s Form so fair, and Arms so bright,
She Groan'd, and Sigh'd at such a Beauteous Sight.
She's Meager-Bodied; wretched Pale her Hue;
Her Teeth furr'd o're with Rust, her Looks Askew;
Her Heart with Gall, her Tongue with Venom flows;
She only laughs at th' Sight of others Woes:
Her ever-waking Cares exile soft Sleep;
She looks on **Truth**'s Success, with Eyes that weep.
She Rends and Tears, and, Tearing others, Bleeds;
Revenging on her self her own black Deeds.
For th' Guilt which from unseen Pollution springs,
Cold-Sweating Horror on her Bosom brings.
In vain 'tis to Reprove her, or Dis-swade;
By Opposition she's more Furious made:
Her Rage increaseth, when it is withstood;
And then good Counsel doth more harm than good.
So have I seen an unstopp'd Torrent glide
With quiet Streams, and scarcely heard to chide:
But when great Trees or Rocks have barr'd its Course,
Thath Foam'd and Roar'd with uncontrouled Force.
She many Lyes and Falshoods doth invent,
To Persecute the **Truth** and Innocent.
She God contemns, and's Violent withal;
Her Wolf-like Teeth shew her Original.
But Short's her Rage; see, her Revengful Ire
Exhausts apace; 'Twill force her to Expire.